ON HIS

MAJESTIES

Sending The

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Henry Earl of CLARENDON

To the Government of *Ireland* in *January* 1685.

WHen Man was made Vice-gerent here below,
The King of Heaven nobly did beſtow
Perfections on Him, numerous and great,
To anſwer all the ends of Regal State:
And now, our Earthly God, a Man has ſent
Compleatly qualify'd for Government:
A man ſo like Himſelf, in Him we ſee
Great *James*'s Wiſdom, Love and Clemency:
So the rich Works of an Almighty hand
Declare that Power which do's them all command.
As many Stars can never make a Sun,
But grow into a Conſtellation;
The brighteſt Virtues which adorn a Throne
Happily meet and ſhine in *Clarendon*,
Tho Majeſty reſides in *James* alone.
No wonder that our King ſo long delay'd;
The work deſerv'd the wiſeſt Council's aid:
Great Projects need the moſt delib'rate thought,
And are, unto Perfection, ſlowly brought.
Heav'n ſeems to have conſulted, when 'twas ſaid,
Let Us make Man; a man to be obey'd
By all that fill the Air, the Sea and Land;
As wide o're Us is *Clarendon*'s Command:
And in this State may He ſecurely ſtand;
Supported by his Mighty Maker's Hand.
If Innocency can his fall prevent,
He muſt ſtand firm and long in Government.
Long lay our bodeing minds 'twixt Hope and Fear,
But when the Royal Pleaſure did appear

For

For *Clarendon*, to Rule and ſave our State;
Bleſs'd was the Iſſue of the Grand Debate:
The God-like work we ſaw and underſtood,
And cou'd not but confeſs, 'twas very good.
The world muſt own that Kings are Gods below,
So opportunely Bleſſings they beſtow:
The Nation do's not wiſh (ſince *Ormond*'s gone)
A nobler Vice-Roy here than *Clarendon*:
Our King and Providence together move
Both in our ſaddeſt ſtate expreſs their love;
Both ſuddenly our biggeſt Hopes deſtroy;
And both as ſeaſonably improve our Joy:
When *Charles* (our Deareſt Monarch) was no more,
Heav'n in a Brother did our Bliſs reſtore;
And th' loſs which We, in *Ormond*, did ſuſtain,
Our *King*, in *Clarendon*, makes up again.
A greater New-years-gift, we can't receive,
Nor can a Gen'rous King a Greater give.
Long may we have from *James*'s Royal Hand
This Gift continu'd to our grateful Land:
And on his Sacred Head may Heav'n repeat
The Joys of Peaceful *James* and *Charles* the Great.
Thrice happy Prince! well haſt thou underſtood
To joyn thy Honour with the Kingdoms good:
Our *Clarendon* muſt Peace and Plenty bring,
And keep all Subjects Loyal to their King:
More glorious ſtill, thro Him, our King ſhall grow,
Till *James* triumphs above, and *James* triumphs below.

DUBLIN,

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